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# THE GATEWAY

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Vol. 1

STRATHCONA, ALBERTA, APRIL 20, 1911

No. 6

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## DE TE FABULA NARRATUR

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(Item from the program for the Students' Reception: "Chairman of the Dishes Committee, Mr. Kettlys.")

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The world's too much with us. We forget  
That e'en the thorniest rose-bush hath its petals;  
But when such jests are on our pathway set,  
Who would not thrill at thought of Chairman Kettlys?

O Chairman Kettlys! Phoebus, what a name!  
Was ever chairmanship more graced by Nature,  
Than when our pots and dishes sprang to fame  
By being "chaired" with such apt nomenclature?

And by that token have we not a Lobb  
As chair"man" of our destinies in tennis?  
And if we're Beaton, Driver's on the job  
To turn the tide e'er yet our name is Dennis.

The Fat Man's Club is neatly "chaired" by Doze;  
The Anti-Fat by Gaunt is wisely guided.  
The Malthus-Roosevelt Club?—Well now, it grows  
On me—had there been one, Kidd, had presided.

The Economic Fuel Club has Peat  
As chairman of its various enterprises.  
For Music, Bell and Fife are rather neat;  
For Real Estate, Sells serves in sundry guises.



For Stone Construction, whom have we but Flint?  
 For Excavation—chairman who but Barrow?  
 The "Tap Room Club" keeps Fawcett strictly in't;  
 While Law holds liberties in bondage narrow.

And when we turn our thoughts to primal things,  
 And look for ancestors (if we but had 'em!)  
 Ah, then it is, our fancy spreads its wings  
 And gives the chairmanship to—who, but Adam?

## THE WORLD AT LARGE

*"Quidquid agunt homines."*

A new ministry has been constituted in France to succeed that of M. Briand; it represents pretty much the same phases of opinion as its predecessor. Its nominal head is M. Monis, but its most striking figure is M. Delcasse, the bete noir of Germany. Formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, he did much from the French side to establish the cordial relations now existing between France and England, and at the time of the Moroccan episode was the one public man of France who had the courage to stand up to Germany. His elimination followed. M. Delcasse may attempt, now that he has returned to power, to make the Anglo-French entente a more definite military and naval agreement; in that case one may forecast his failure, as England's present-day continental policy is strictly one of platonic friendships. There may be good reason for this, as it is certainly open to question whether England really counts as a military power in Europe any longer.

\* \* \*

The thoughts of the English-speaking world will be so set these

days upon the pageantry of the Coronation of the King-Emperor as almost, if not altogether, to overlook a far more significant and inspiring celebration, that of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy. With the possible exception of the American Civil War, there was no movement of the nineteenth century into which there was poured more zeal and devotion than the struggle for Italian liberty. The name of Garibaldi can perish only when the human race forgets the meaning of freedom. He of course worked and fought for a republic, and was sorely disappointed at the course events took; yet probably Italy's safest road to genuine liberty lay through a constitutional monarchy. And now it is fifty years since Victor Immanuel of Sardinia was hailed King of Italy, and Italians everywhere are honoring the event. The recovery of Italy in those fifty years, more especially in its northern half, is in itself the most damning evidence against the military and ecclesiastical tyrannies of the long centuries of Italian darkness and despair. The

Vatican, the last curtailed representative of these, remains to-day as intransigent as ever, singularly failing to adapt itself to changed political conditions and grasp a genuine religious leadership to replace its shorn-away temporalities.

\* \* \*

Not only England, but all the world, has been ringing with the echoes of Sir Edward Grey's recent speech in the Imperial Parliament with regard to President Taft's proposal to refer all Anglo-American disputes, including those relating to territory and 'honor,' to arbitration. Sir Edward Grey adopted the most cordial attitude towards the suggestion, and his remarks were vibrant with the notes of a higher gospel for the world than red ravin. It is only just that such a proposal should come from the United States, if only by way of repentance; no country was ever given a more glorious opportunity to stand firmly for peace in the world, in view of its isolation from European politics and its internal self-sufficiency, but despite all that it launched upon a policy of silly display in battleships, and, as we now well know, goaded Spain into war. Hence a change of heart is very edifying—or would be, were it not accompanied by a preliminary vote of \$5,000,000 to fortify the Panama Canal. Arbitration between two men, each of whom has a Colts 38 in his hip-pocket, takes on a whimsical aspect.

\* \* \*

President Taft has convened in special session the Sixty-Second Congress, the lower house of which is Democratic by 67, while the Senate is nominally Republican by 8, though the Republican

majority is riven into bitter factions. The President's message invites the attention of Congress only to the Reciprocity Agreement; whether the Democratic party, after so long an absence from power, can be sensible enough to stick to that, is doubtful, more especially as independent reports from Washington indicate that W. J. Bryan is again acting Moses the Law-Giver after a number of unsuccessful attempts at filling the part of Moses the Leader out of the Wilderness. It will be a great pity if the Democrats cannot unload this incubus of theirs, whose spirit is selfishness, whose talent peripatetic lecturing, and whose genius failure.

In the Senate it is the Insurgent Republicans who hold the balance of power. At time of writing it would appear that these self-alleged apostles of tariff reform will reveal the falsity of their pretensions by refusing to ratify the Reciprocity Agreement unless certain items are added which, as they know, cannot be accepted by the Canadian Government. The American Senate, already pretty generally despised especially in the United States, will hardly add to its reputation for honor by tolerating such chicanery.

An amusing feature of the discussion upon reciprocity on the other side of the line is the alarm expressed by the American farm journals. 'Canada's virgin soil,' 'Canada's boundless acres,' and similar phrases, are the things that seem to inspire terror. The old days of 'licking anything on earth' must have passed strictly into history.

\* \* \*

Canada cannot accuse the United States of being slow in making



up its mind about reciprocity so long as our own tedious wind-jammers make their slow way across the parliamentary sea. The end of the debate is far from in sight, and one Conservative orator has warned the Government that any attempt to apply the closure will bring the country to the verge of revolution. It is to laugh.

The most conspicuous feature of the session has been to minds interested in seeing the dignity of Parliament upheld, the abnormal number of disgraceful scenes and remarks upon the floor of the House and the pitiful way in which members are allowed to 'withdraw' without withdrawing anything. The word 'liar' has become so common that there is reason to suppose that the Government Printing Bureau keeps the word permanently set up in large numbers to expedite the printing of Hansard. Speakers of the Canadian House of Commons are either increasingly ineffective, or the House is growingly riotous, or perhaps both conditions are true. One trouble is that our Speakers are changed from Parliament to Parliament; a man is thus lost from the speakership just when he is gaining the experience and dignity necessary to handle the rowdies of the House.

\* \* \*

Two recent events in the Province of Quebec cannot be lightly passed by. A man, directly prov-

ed by sworn evidence to have committed highway robbery on the streets of Montreal for the purpose of securing documents belonging to a lodge of French-Canadian Freemasons, was acquitted by a jury drawn from the majority religion in that Province, despite the judge's charge that any verdict but guilty would be a travesty of justice. Again, two French-Canadians of the majority religion in Quebec having been duly married by the Rev. Wm. Timberlake, a Methodist clergyman, are declared by a French-Canadian judge to have contracted no valid marriage when the woman appeared in court to sue her husband for non-support of herself and child. Probably the remedy for the first affair is a demand for a re-trial with a change of venue; but the second instance invites the attention of all thoughtful men from the purely civil aspect of the case. It appears to the writer that the real solution is a state requirement throughout Canada of marriage before a civil registrar, said action constituting a valid marriage; this could be supplemented, as in France to-day, by a religious service for any who desired it. At all events such a decision as that in Montreal, whereby a man is permitted to put away the woman who is his wife in the eyes of the great proportion of Canadians and to cast the stain of illegitimacy and inflict the curse of poverty upon his child, is absolutely intolerable.

---

Son: "I was next to the head of my class to-day."

Father: "How's that?"

Son: "We were standing in a circle."

---

P.: "There seem to be a good many love-sick fellows lying around here."

G.: "Hear, hear!"

—The Argosy.



## LETTER FROM A SON AT COLLEGE TO HIS DAD

---

Whyte Ave., Strathcona.  
April 20th, 1911.

Dear Dad,—Just a couple more weeks and I'll be home again. This has been a very heavy month. Besides preparations for the exams., there has been the Mock Parliament, the Freshman reception, and we have been in the heat of an election campaign. I was nominated as President of the Students' Council to run against Mitchell and Ottewell; and I took the whole University by storm. Everybody was shouting my name, and I could see that the two other candidates were becoming intensely jealous. Finally they began to feel so strongly that I felt it necessary to withdraw in order to arrest hard feelings. There would have been a lot of work in connection with the office anyway. The Mock Parliament has been a very marked success. One night I arrived about five minutes late and found that the nation's business had been all despatched, and the members were all dancing around the floor. I took a chair and watched the proceedings for a minute, but I almost fainted when I looked across the floor and saw Pink, dear old Methodist Pink, with his arm around a girl, going around and around in a circle and stepping on first one of her toes, and then on the other. I wondered at him but then you can never tell what Pink will do next. In a few minutes the music stopped;

and the girl retires into a corner to rub her sore toes while Pink came bouncing across the room to me with a broad grin and said: "Oh, Bob, I've learned to dance! That was the 'Walrus' that I just learned and soon they're going to teach me the 'Squad drill'." I think Pink must have been hit over the head with the Wauneita Club and stunned, the way he is acting lately. The Board of Governors of the University met this month and amongst other things decided on a University crest. The crest is just like that of the Province of Alberta, only that it has an open copy of "Manly's English Prose" at the top. It looks quite well. I heard of a very odd case the other day in Strathcona, a middle-aged lady got a bad ear-ache, and in order to relieve it stuffed both ears full of cotton. Soon after someone asked her a question, and she shook her head. Whereupon her head at once blew off. She discovered next day that she had used gun-cotton instead of the ordinary kind. I was asked to be best man at her funeral, but refused, not wishing to arouse jealousy again, as I did in accepting the nomination for president. There is lots more news which I might tell you, but I think I will keep it till I get home. Don't forget to meet me at the water-tank where the train comes in, I remain,

Your Offspring,

BOB.

---

'12: "Why do you send poetry to the college paper? You don't want to be a poet, do you?"

'14: "No, but people tell me I am conceited, and I want to get it knocked out of me."

## THE BEST POLICY

---

At the head of one of our English dales nestles in quiet seclusion the quaint old village of Youlgreave. The tourist feels as he stands and watches the murmuring brook wind its way down the Lathkill that here at least nature is at peace with herself. But underneath the apparent unrippled surface, in this village, as in most English villages, there are the "church" and the chapel; and of course the same Anglican intolerance and dissenting narrowness.

A quarter of a century ago the Steward of this village chapel was John Palfreyman, a kind-hearted Christian gentleman. He had one daughter, Elsie, a bright handsome girl of twenty summers, who had received her education at the hands of a private governess, "that she might be saved from the corroding influences of the school."

It was at John Palfreyman's request that the preceding quarterly meeting had decided to send two students to the Circuit for the winter months—one to carry on mission services in the eastern part, and the other in the western. The choice of these two students had been a matter of deep concern to John Palfreyman, not only because the service was to reveal their practical fitness for ministerial duties; but also because these young candidates were sure to be granted the freedom of the steward's hospitable home.

Of these two Harvey Millington was sent to the East and Verney Davies to the West. Millington's headquarters was to be at Youlgreave; and Davies was to

be located in the near-by town of Bakewell.

The characters of these two men differed as summer from winter. Millington was plain, honest, of a grave yet not sombre demeanor—solid and just, but unskilled in the superficial refinements of life. Davies on the other hand was handsome, of lively disposition and a favorite with everyone—a man who could adapt himself to his environment.

Harvey Millington boarded with Mr. Palfreyman and consequently was thrown much into the company of Elsie. The acquaintance between these two ripened rapidly into friendship, and it was not long before rumor had it that they were betrothed.

Christmas came, and with it Verney Davies to the home of John Palfreyman. The buoyant spirit of Davies contrasted strongly with the more sober disposition of Millington. Davies was at home in the drawing room; Millington found his poise in a humbler environment where poverty and need called forth the best of him.

The vacation passed all too soon but not too soon for Davies to lose his heart to Elsie Palfreyman.

The next four months were times of strenuous work for Millington. Every spare moment was utilized in preparing for that preliminary examination in May. He knew that the examination would either open or bar the door to the ambition of his life. If he failed this time, the age limit would debar him ever after.

May came at last. Harvey



Millington and Verney Davies boarded the tram for Manchester where they would sit for examination. "Well, Harvey, how do you feel for the examination?" asked Davies. "To confess the truth, I do not feel at all prepared," replied Millington.

"I say, Millington," said Davies abruptly, "what are your views in regard to taking notes into the examination room. Just in case of emergency you know?" "What do I think about it?" retorted Millington, "such a suggestion needs no thought. I cannot imagine a man resorting to such dishonest methods. Does not the Discipline say that every question shall be answered without note or comment?"

"What do I care for Discipline!" spoke Davies warmly. Church polity is very fallible, was not Dr. Cameron rejected by our own Church because he could not pass the required examination as laid down in the Discipline?" "I agree with you that the rigid examination of our church made it impossible for Dr. Cameron to get into the Methodist ministry, but that is no argument for dishonesty. We closed the door of our church against him but Providence opened another."

"Well, rest assured, Millington, if I get the opportunity I shall make use of notes. The issues at stake are too great, and I cannot afford to risk my chances. Failure will mean disaster." "Better failure than dishonest success," replied Millington.

Anyone sitting in the examination room that afternoon watching the faces of those candidates would have seen a Waterloo struggle going on. The perplexed look, the contracted eyebrows,

the gazing into space told its own tale. One face seemed particularly disturbed and that was the face of Harvey Millington. On the contrary the face of Davies wore a look of easy confidence which suggested that the examinations had no terror for him.

Presently a knock was heard at the door—it was a messenger with a request from the District Committee desiring the presence of the examiner for a short time.

"I hope to be back presently, but in the meantime I leave you on your honor," he said as he went out.

No sooner had the door closed than the tired students sought to relieve the strain by an interchange of harmless queries.

"Hello, Davies, you are looking confident enough! How goes it, old boy?" said one of the candidates. "Goes it," replied Davies, "It does not go at all! What do I know about Darwin's Definition of Conscience or the inward leading and dissuading voice of Socrates? Why it would take a doctor of philosophy to answer these questions." "Silence, be quiet and write," urged Millington, wondering in the meantime how his friend would behave in this moment of temptation.

Presently lifting up his head Millington saw some suspicious movements. Was he deceived? No! There on the desk Davies had the notes. Should he expose him? No, he would allow the matter to pass by.

As they journeyed back on the train not a word was said by Millington as to the action of Davies in copying from the notes.

The following days were anxious ones for Millington but at

last the postman brought the desired letter. It read as follows:

Dear Sir: —

Enclosed find result of recent examination. Am sorry that Ethics and Apologetics were the cause of your failure. I trust though that the momentary failure may prove the incentive to renewed endeavor.

Yours sincerely,

At this moment Elsie entered the room. "Have you heard the result of the examinations?" she asked. Millington silently handed her the letter. A shade passed over her face as she read the contents. "I am very sorry," she said coldly. Harvey felt he had disappointed her. "Have you heard from Mr. Davies?"

"I have a letter here that looks like his hand-writing," he replied. Opening the letter he read:  
Dear Millington:

Report of examination to hand. Highest marks in Ethics and Apologetics. These subjects gave me the coveted pass mark. Hope you were successful.

V. D.

"Isn't that excellent?" said Elsie. "I am so glad he got through. He is such a fine man and it would be a pity if he failed in his ambition."

From that day Harvey noted a change in the attitude of Elsie towards himself. He wondered if his failure were the cause of it.

Those were dark days for Millington. Disappointed in his purpose life seemed to have lost

some of its joy. He felt something of the irony of life.

The cup of bitterness ran over as he sat in the farewell meeting given in honor of his friend and heard the chairman say that it afforded him great pleasure to preside over that meeting. He had known Verney Davies for several months and had always found him to be a kind, consistent Christian gentleman, a man of noble spirit. Then followed the presentation—a purse and address. Davies replying in a few suitable words said that it gave him great pleasure to hear such kind words, and hoped he would always be considered worthy of their friendship and esteem.

\* \* \*

And now, gentle reader, you are ready to hear that Verney Davies is serving time in Dartmoor prison, and Harvey Millington is a Chairman of District or President of Conference.

But this is not a story after all, but only a little cross section of life and life is a perverse jade when it comes to rewards and punishments.

Verney Davies and Elsie Palfreyman have been long married. Verney Davies is a leading Non-conformist divine, and has sat in the presidential chair. Harvey Millington is a humble "sky pilot" in Western Canadian lumber camps and mining settlements are the scene of his endeavors, and virtue still continues to be its own reward.

T. WEBSTER.

---

The second story printed herewith—*De Bonne Famille*—was originally selected for the prize offered by the Department of

English to students in the course in English Composition. When, however, the sealed envelopes containing the actual names of



the authors were opened and the author of *De Bonne Famille* was identified as Miss Jessie Harris, it was felt that Miss Harris's status as an occasional visitor to the

course rather than a full student rendered her ineligible for the prize. The prize has therefore been awarded to Mr. T. Webster, the author of *The Best Policy*.

---

## "DE BONNE FAMILLE"

---

The big automobile pounded and labored over the steep grades of the rough road. It was not our automobile. I hate the things. They are so domineering and self-satisfied. They make me feel such an atom in this world's uncertainty—especially when I am trying to cross the road before one. This car belonged to a real estate agent—he resembled the car somewhat, in domineering self-satisfaction—who was taking us, my father and me, out to look at a bargain, a farm towards the Stony Plains.

It was midsummer; and the country we passed through was very beautiful. On either side of the road, there grew a thick brush of "*migua pemigua*," the red willow. Above the pink of its twigs and the deep green of its leaves rose the white, white trunks of birch trees and poplars. Here and there, a dark pine lifted its straightly pointed top. The narrow strip of turf between the road and the willows, was dotted with gorgeous red lilies, waxen white anemones and wild roses.

The birds were everywhere singing to us from fence, from rose tree, from shrub. The brown rabbits, that darted away from our swiftly moving wheels, were countless. A little black bear came ambling down the road stupidly toward us. At the horn's shrill toot, he scuttled into the

brush. He evidently shared my dislike of crossing the road before an automobile.

As we approached the old farm, the road grew narrower. Finally the big machine could go no further; so we climbed out and walked up the path to the old log house.

Although it had been there for fifty years, it stood as firm as ever; and it was still tightly chinked. It was quite a pretentious house of two storeys. There had been an attempt at ornamentation, an arched window having been placed in the centre of the upper wall. The real estate man said it had been built by the Frenchman who homesteaded the place.

"Then it was not an Indian, but a Frenchman who lived here first," said I.

"He was a Frenchman, from France," the real estate man replied. "And stranger than that, his wife was French, too. The people about here say she was '*de bonne famille*,' whatever that means."

His French accent was queer; and I was rude and laughed. Later, I wondered why I had laughed. I learned the tragedy that was in those words, however they might be spoken.

We wandered over the whole place. The most of it had been cleared; and so the ground was covered with wild strawberries.

Wherever we stepped, there rose the sweet fragrance of crushed berries. Perhaps that was why there were so many birds in all the trees about us. They filled the air with their gay carols.

Behind the house, there was a spot where the brush grew wild and untouched. The roses were a tangled mass of thorn and leaf and blossom. Dead trees were half-fallen, crushing their living brothers. Saplings were fighting their way upward through a rank growth of weeds and wild flowers. Festooning honeysuckle vines held the willows and briars together in a hopeless tangle.

I should not have ventured far in, if I had not seen something inside that made me curious. As it was, I pulled away vines, and tore off branches, forcing my way into the heart of this little wilderness. My frock was torn, my face was scratched, my fingers were filled with thorns; but I did not know it.

In the middle of this tangle of trees and bushes was a small cleared spot, where the strawberries, and great, purple violets pushed through the trailing Indian vine. In the middle of the cleared space was a short, narrow strip of sunken turf.

"How did you get in there?"

My father and the real estate man had come around the house.

"I broke in," said I, my voice shaking foolishly. "Come here, please. I have found a little child's grave."

They came in by the path I had partially cleared. The real estate agent took off his hat and looked so truly sorry that I was ashamed for having disliked him.

"Do you know whose grave it is?" I asked him.

There was not even a board up, to tell who lay there.

"I was trying to remember an old story I heard long ago," he said. "The Frenchman, who came here with his wife—she was the 'de bonne famille' one that I told you about—had a little baby girl. Her father used to call her 'Strawberry.' She was fond of the berry, and baby-like, she used to get considerably stained when she went hunting it. In the berry season, frock, face and bare toes, she was all one deep strawberry pink.

"The man built this house, and cleared some land. The third winter, he went north with some Indian trappers, leaving his wife and little 'Strawberry' behind. But it was too hard a life for him. He was taken ill up north; and he had no way to send his wife word. When he didn't come back in the spring, she worried, I guess. Then little 'Strawberry' died."

"This is 'Strawberry' here?" I asked.

The man nodded.

"The woman had been too far from anyone to get help when the little girl died, and she buried her alone. When the man came back, he found his wife crazy. She was raving about the 'birds that sang and sang.'"

In every tree above us there seemed to be a bird, singing merrily of the joys of summer. One of them flew down close to our feet, and picking up a big grub, flew off. It came back, and perching on a rose tree, burst into a gay, midsummer chant of the wonders of life, and the sweetness of fat, white worms.

Before my eyes, there was a picture of a fair, chubby baby, holding up to its mother a little hot, round fist. When the curled-up



fingers straightened out, the little hand was full of crushed, red berries. I could see the woman lift the child and though the woman's lips smiled, her eyes were anxiously turned to the north.

Then the picture faded. Dimly through the trees I could see the big, red hulk of the automobile

that could whirl us in an hour's time into a city of fifteen thousand people. But here, fifty years ago, a woman, gently born and tenderly reared, had cared for her dying baby and dug its little grave, all alone, save for the birds—the care-free, happy, summer birds that “sang and sang and sang.”

JESSIE BACON HARRIS.

### STUDENTS' Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. staff decided to devote themselves this year to the organization, and maintenance, of Bible study groups. Throughout the year six groups totalling forty men, have been meeting regularly. The centre of operations has been a small Normal group, conducted by Dr. Sheldon. In it six of the leaders and officers have met week by week for business and mutual inspiration. From its moving spirit came the suggestion for a handbook containing a Bible study outline for the summer. This booklet will make its appearance in the near future.

Two special meetings were held during the past term. The first was addressed by Dr. Sheldon on “Why Men Read the Bible.” The attendance was disappointingly small, but all who did come felt that they had not come for nothing. Some two weeks later Dr. Tory addressed a similar gathering. All who were present got something to think about for some

time to come and each of us has but himself to blame if each did not catch a living inspiration.

The officers for 1911-12 are Hon. Pres. Dr. Sheldon, Pres. E. T. Mitchell, Vice-Pres. R. C. Hargrave, Secretary G. W. Reeve, Treas. R. J. R. Hall. We feel that the Y. M. C. A. has been very fortunate in its choice of officers. All branches of work begun by President A. L. Carr will be continued and other activities will be undertaken; among these will be a mission study group.

### Y. W. C. A.

Before this issue of the “Gateway” appears the Y. W. C. A. of the University of Alberta will have been organized. It has been a live fact for some time but the ladies have preferred to work rather than to make a show of organization. For the past three months three groups of six have been meeting regularly for Bible study. This is a good beginning and speaks well for the future.

Alberta was a province fair  
Of Canada the free.  
Her capital was Edmonton.  
By leaps and bounds she grew.  
Her parliament remarked one day  
How very nice 'twould be  
To have an agricultural college  
And a Unversitee.

But Calgary at that waxed mad,  
As mad as mad could be,  
And Red Deer too was clamorous  
And raised a mighty plea.

Strathcona now is humming  
Like a great big humble bee  
For the students of Alberta  
Attend her Varsitee.

## THE GATEWAY



J. ADAM'S IDEA OF COLLEGE LIFE





During the past month there has been a notable advance in University matters. Both the Board of Governors and the Senate have held meetings at which business of considerable significance was transacted. Three additional instructors have been appointed. Professor Johnson as lecturer in Classics, Mr. Adam as instructor in drawing and M. Sonet as instructor in French and Mr. C. E. Race has been appointed Registrar. This constitutes the addition to the staff foreshadowed some weeks ago when President Tory returned from the East. Definite honors courses will be offered next year in all departments at present organized. These will be classed in two divisions "cum summa laude" and "cum laude". Any student who enters on these courses must be unconditioned in all his work and must have first-class standing in the department in which he wishes to specialize.

It was also decided that the Bachelors' hoods should be green with white silk lining, three of which it is expected will be required at the end of the present term. The date of convocation has been fixed for Wednesday, May seventeenth, when three Bachelors' and four Masters' Degrees will probably be conferred.

Students from outside points

will be fortunate next year in the matter of accommodation. The new dormitory building which, besides providing temporary class-rooms and laboratories will provide residential facilities for some fifty students, will be completed within a month or two at the longest. It is hoped that a second building for which the details are at present being worked out will be begun at once and pushed to completion, as already the time is in sight when the visible accommodation will be entirely inadequate. The Board of Governors have also authorized the purchase of a large amount of additional equipment, sufficient to put all departments upon a thoroughly modern basis and provide students with the best possible facilities for their work.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most notable development has been in the organization of a committee on student affairs composed of seven representative students and an equal number from the Senate, Faculty and Board of Governors. All questions of discipline will be decided by this committee and in the matter of finances connected with student activities, it will be a court of final appeal. In giving the students a voice in matters of discipline a step is taken toward self-government which it is hoped

will be the system followed in the residential scheme. At all events the authorities are kindly disposed toward the entire control of student affairs by the students themselves and the only thing which can stand in the way of such an advance is the possible failure on the part of the students to rise to the occasion.

---

Alan Chester Johnson, the newly appointed lecturer in Classics, was born at Lockbroom, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. In 1904 he graduated with Classical honors from the University of Dalhousie where he filled the position of instructor for two years, meanwhile taking his Master's Degree. He was elected a Fellow of Johns Hopkins from which institution he obtained the degree of Ph. D. in the year 1909. In the same year he won in competitive examination a Classical Fellowship, awarded by the American Archaeological Institute and for the last two years he has been studying in Germany and at Athens where he is at the present time. Dr. Johnson has won some considerable reputation in his work of illustrating Greek history by means of old inscriptions. In the curbing of an old well on the Acropolis he discovered three stones which contained inscriptions of real value in throwing light on the history of Athens. These stones had been taken from some building and utilized in walling up the well in which they have now been found. The coming of a man fresh from the site of those early stirring scenes will doubtless help to revivify what sometimes seem to the classical student the dry bones of Ancient

History. We are glad to welcome Dr. Johnson to the West and hope that he will bring with him a breath of the older culture which will help to bring us into still closer touch with the true academic spirit.

---

Cecil E. Race, B.A., C.A., who has been recently appointed as Registrar of the University of Alberta, claims Port Hope, Ontario, as his native town. His early training was received in the Public and High Schools there, whence he matriculated into the University of Toronto. He graduated with the class of 1897 specializing in mathematics. He then attended the Normal College at Hamilton where, with three others among a class of four hundred, he graduated with honors in practical teaching, being granted the standing of specialist in mathematics for Ontario. After teaching in Port Hope, Port Arthur and Mount Forest in January 1901, he obtained the diploma of a commercial specialist for Ontario. After two years spent in Coburg Collegiate Institute the call of the West came, and the staff of Alberta College, Edmonton, was strengthened by the addition of Mr. Race as principal of its commercial department, a position he filled until the present year obtaining meanwhile the degree of C. A. from the Chartered Accountants' Association of Manitoba, and assisted in organizing the Alberta Chartered Accountants' Association, of which he is a charter member. We count the University very fortunate in securing such a man as Mr. Race for Registrar, one whose record shows him to be conscientious and suc-

cessful in his work and thoroughly in sympathy with worthy causes.

\* \* \*

We take this opportunity in our last issue of the year of expressing our appreciation of the support given in the publication of this year's Gateway. The business men of Strathcona have been most generous in the matter of adver-

tising and students and members of convocation have aided us by swelling our subscription list. There has been too a pleasing willingness among the students to contribute articles of interest and the staff wish to state that they have been highly gratified by the reception accorded their maiden effort in the journalistic field.

## EXCHANGE

In this last issue of the Gateway the Exchange Editor desires to thank most heartily the large number of exchanges that have so graciously received its first year's publication and placed it upon their lists. We trust that next year the privilege of exchange with such a representative class of college publications may again be ours.

The editor of the **Varsity** points out what the world expects of a graduate: "The world as a whole expects the college man to be able to conduct a meeting, to lead a discussion, to be a moving spirit in matters of public interest."

The **University of New Brunswick Monthly** refers to their Mock Parliament thus: "In place of eloquence he finds cheap wit. What few real questions of the day may be brought up for discussion are treated very flippantly while the bulk of the argument centres round vague personal allusions."

"What is the most nervous thing next to a girl?"

"Me," says Macdonald—"next to a girl."—Exchange.

The **Chinook** has appeared for the second time in a greatly improved style. A good feature is the outlining by local authorities of the leading professions and businesses. The aim is evident, being summed up by the editor—"Education is not wholly concerned with intellect but with hand and heart as well as head, and should take account of differences in aptitude—individual and sexual."

A.—"I hear, Editor, that certain persons are sore over something which appeared in the last paper."

B.—"Never mind, old fellow, remember 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'"—The Mitre.

The truth, they say. Child, aged three, was being baptized, and as the ice-cold water was dashed in its face, it awoke and remarked to the minister, "Aw, ye devil!"—Martlet.

Fiery Orator: "And do you know that every Canadian boy has a chance to be Premier of Canada."

Boy (in back of hall): "I'll sell my chance for fifteen cents."



St. John's College Magazine is a heavy Easter number with several very readable articles. Perhaps the most practical is one on "A Course in Journalism"—but it is agreed that "the only place where the finished product can be manufactured is in a newspaper office."

We desire also to acknowledge the following: "Queen's University Journal," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Vox Wesleyana," "Acadia Athenaeum," "University of Ottawa Review," "The Collegian," "Black and White."

A psychology student in distress (studying the eye): "Well, I never could get the eye into my head."—Exchange.

Junior: "There is something preying on my mind."

Senior: "Never mind. It will soon starve."—Exchange.

### PADDY

There's a handsome graceful  
youth,  
That's Pad.  
He can talk just like a streak  
Can't you, Pad?  
Any bloomin' time at all  
You can see him in the hall  
With his back against the wall  
Can't they, Pad?

He's really very nice  
Is our Pad.  
But he doesn't care for rice  
Do you, Pad?  
His hands are soft and creamy  
And his glance is slow and  
dreamy  
And his teeth are white and  
gleamy  
Ain't they, Pad?

He has nothing else to do  
Careless Pad,  
But to stick around and woo  
Thoughtless Pad!  
For the ladies he was made  
And he's not a bit afraid  
He's a kind of "Ladies' Aid,"  
Ain't you, Pad?

I'm afraid when Paddy dies  
Darling Pad!

Spreads his wings and homeward  
flies  
Angel Pad!  
There'll be heard such groans and  
cries  
That the dwellers of the skies  
Will look downward with sur-  
prise  
At the fame  
Of our Pad.

I met a little college girl  
She belonged to '12 she said,  
Her hair was fair with many a  
curl  
As she tilted up her head.  
"Lovers and friends, my little  
maid,  
How many may there be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she  
said,  
And smiling looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you  
tell,"  
She answered "Seven are they;  
And three of them at Lethbridge  
dwell,  
And Stan has gone away,  
John was not a 'Science gun',  
And Jim was only a minister's son,  
The present is so full of blarney  
You all must know his name is  
P—ney."



## FOOTBALL

The Association season was opened on the early date of March 25 when the eleven from the U. of A. took out that little old white-wash can and kalsomine the Collegiate by 1-0. The score is but a poor indication of the play as the spheroid was on the enemy's homestead nearly all the time.

Young was the big noise for the rah-rahs, notching the only tally, while Sells and Webster were there with the stonewall stuff and the timely foot. Several others had most beautiful footwork but shot like the toy pistol of boyhood days. For the losers the net custodian is a comer, and should develop into a good man. On the following Saturday, however, the fetish had a grouch and Alberta College blanked our representatives while they appropriated one counter to fatten up their side of the result. It was a rather sanguinary fray as some five or six players were given a ride to dreamland during the game, a couple of them being seriously injured. For 'Varsity Alton, Nolan and Blayney played well, while Sells and Fife showed class in spots. Hotchkiss between the sticks handled everything in finished style, the goal scored on him being of a fluky nature. The for-

ward line was somewhat weak, and until they get their shooting out of the quince class it will be hard for us to win games.

## BASEBALL

Turn down the footlights, Mabel, and play that soft, soft music while we tell how 'Varsity once more turned the trick on a bunch from the northern suburb and again brought home the bacon to the same old spot. The latest victims were Edmonton's retailers. 'Twas baseball at which they fell and the score was 18 to 2. The horrible details cannot be printed here but let it suffice to say that it took three beavers to last seven short sessions while our slab artist, Walker, was fresh as at the beginning. The latter dishes up the pellet in classic style and had the game well in hand at all stages. Blayney at the receiving end was always on the job, while the infield were as peppery a bunch as have been seen here in some few moons. The outer gardeners covered their pre-emptions like a blanket and played an errorless game, every player taking all his chances without a slip. Guess we wouldn't be able to hold our own in the City League. Eh, what? Next!

## FRESHMAN MEDLEY

---

At Alberta's Varsity  
Many wondrous sights you'll see:  
Highly educated Profs.,  
Seniors, juniors, freshmen, sophs.,  
Numerous folks of great renown,  
Law with presidential frown,  
And many other notables who  
Have won celebrity.

### Chorus:

At the V, at the Va, at the Varsity,  
Oh it's fine to be a freshman  
At the Varsity,  
All the profs they say to you,  
Mon ami que savez-vous,  
At the V, at the Va, at Alberta's Varsity.

Oh, Law's a college boy, with his college walk and his college talk,  
He would like to tell of a brand-new college yell, "Law, Law, Law,"  
Girlies weep for joy, for life to him is but a toy,  
Always makes us quit at night, just when things are going right,  
Because he's a college boy.

Tall, tall was the young man  
And fair, oh fair, his mate.  
Said Hotch to the maiden  
"Can I have the next ten skates?"  
See the last car approaching,  
The boy, oh, where was he?  
Bidding his usual good-byes  
From one to half-past three.

Oh what's the matter with Paddy, he's all gone.  
What's the matter with Paddy, he sees but one.  
Of all the charmers around the place,  
The joke-man sees but one fair face;  
Oh, what's the matter with Paddy,  
He's all gone.

When the final issue's out, Daddy's slaves with joy will shout;  
Through at last with making news, Jobs next year they can refuse;  
Looked so nice to see your name, on the staff but just the same,  
There was no fun in it for you. when your stuff was over due.

Has anybody here seen Daddy, D A double D Y,  
Has anybody here seen Daddy, or heard him yell for Dope.  
His hair's on end, and his eyes are wild,  
For he's the Gateway's angel child,  
Has anybody here seen Daddy, Daddy the contributor's hope.



Sad is every hockey player,  
 They've been stung a lot of late,  
 Their opponents all have been there  
 And defeat has been their fate.  
 Now that spring has come in earnest,  
 Winter's sorrows they'll forget.  
 When for their tour they pay  
 They can only hope and pray,  
 That they'll get a trip for nothing yet.

## ALBERTA COLLEGE

Alberta College, the first denominational college to be affiliated with the University, and the first to have a building and classes on the University grounds has always stood for the principle of one University, and that the strongest and best possible. At the very inception of the University, Alberta College, which was then doing undergraduate work in affiliation with McGill University, handed over to the University its class and identified its interests with those of the University.

The College is preparing for very aggressive work of a high order for next year. At a recent meeting of the Board of management, two new professors were appointed. Rev. Prof. C. E. Bland B. A., B. D., of Montreal will take charge of Systematic Theology and Church History. He is a young man of splendid training, scholarship and ideals; and will be a distinct addition to the academic and social life, not only of the college, but of the whole University. The other is Rev. C. W. Bishop B. A., who is at present one of the college International Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Bishop is by training and instinct particularly fitted for the position to which he

has been appointed. It is quite probable that another young man who has lately won distinction in Orientals in Toronto University will be appointed to the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis.

\* \* \*

The college residence will be open as far as possible to any student of the University whether he takes classes in the college or not. From present indications we expect a very prosperous season for Alberta College next year.

\* \* \*

We have advanced another stage in our development. On April 4th, the constitution came into effect and under its regulations nominations for the first constitutional students council took place.

President of Students' Council—J. L. Wright, A. J. Law.

Chairman of Athletic Society—T. A. Lonsdale.

Chairman of Y. M. C. A.—R. C. Clegg, Bosomworth.

Chairman of Literary Society—J. Rogers, C. Easom, J. E. Collins.

After a week of strenuous electioneering, both by personal contact and cartoons, the following were elected: President, J. L.

Wright; Chairman of Athletic Association, T. A. Lonsdale; Chairman of Y. M. C. A., Bosomworth; Chairman Literary Society, J. E. Collins.

\* \* \*

On April 6th we were greatly pleased to hear Dr. Sheldon of the Faculty of Applied Science de-

liver an address on Y. M. C. A. work. The Doctor dealt especially with the work of the Association in Yale and McGill Universities, and the benefits in daily life derived from Bible study. He carried the student body with him and we are sure that his address will be a factor in moulding the work of our new Y. M. C. A.

A maiden from the country by  
the name of Anna Lee,  
In search of higher learning came  
to S'cona Varsity—  
She took up Latin authors, read  
classics by the score,  
She spent her ready cash on  
books, and then wrote home  
for more;  
And when her course was ended,  
and she'd nailed her Arts de-  
gree,  
She knew as much of Ancient  
things as any other three,  
She read a parting essay on the  
"Laws of Ancient Rome,"  
Then rammed her "nighty" in a  
grip and took the train for  
home.

When Anna hit the farm again,  
she made the old folks stare,  
She'd glasses on her learned nose,  
a rat inside her hair,  
She talked of Greek celebrities; on  
Homer showered praise  
She quoted French and German  
gems, in almost every phrase  
One cow she christened Juliet, an-  
other Romeo;

She wouldn't ride the horse until  
they called it Cicero,  
Her parents gazed in wonder at  
the thing that they had bore,  
And sat in frightened silence as  
she shot off ancient lore.

But years have passed o'er Anna's  
head as years are apt to do  
And Anna Lee has changed her  
name to Mrs. Anna Drew;  
And now instead of reading Greek  
as always was her use,  
She spends her time in making  
clothes for fourteen little  
Drews;

She cares no more how Caesar  
built his famous Aqueduct,  
Her studies now are recipes, and  
how a goose is plucked,  
She doesn't study botany, or ana-  
lyse the rocks,  
Instead she sits up late at night  
and mends the old man's  
socks.

She wishes now instead of learn-  
ing Latin from a book,  
She'd stayed at home in "Punkin-  
ville" and studied how to  
cook.

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Business College with Mr. E. S. Eaton as Principal and  
Mr. D. Elston as Secretary. This is the strongest Busi-  
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the best positions in Alberta. There is in connection  
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## **ELECTIONS**

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The tortuous channel of another election has been successfully negotiated by the students of the University. Yesterday was balloting day at the institution, and the new members of the Students' Council were elevated to office with thoroughly representative votes. Changes in the provisions of their charter made necessary this second election within one term, and in accordance with the new rulings the Council will hereafter be selected in the spring.

This campaign was scarcely as lively as the one waged last fall, but interest was keen notwithstanding and the coveted presidency drew an almost evenly balanced division, A. E. Ottewell winning by a majority of twelve over his opponent E. T. Mitchell.

For the secretaryship the voting was even closer, H. G. Nolan being successful by but seven ballots. Both Mr. Ottewell and Mr. Mitchell are highly respected and occupy a prominent position in the student circles, so that the election of either candidate meant a choice certain to work for the best interests of the institution.

The new officers of the Council as returned in yesterday's elections are as follows: Hon. President, Dr. H. M. Tory; President, A. E. Ottewell; Vice-President, Miss J. Montgomery; Secretary, H. G. Nolan; Treasurer, A. L. Carr; President Literary Society, L. Cairns; President Athletic Association, P. Hotchkiss; Secretary Athletic Association, A. L. Caldwell, (acclamation.)—Strathcona Plaindealer.

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### MOCK PARLIAMENT

Two interesting sessions of the Mock Parliament have been held during the last month, the first on the evening of March the 31st and the second and last of the year on April 6th. In the first session two bills one relating to the granting of the franchise to women, and the other proposing to establish a Provincial Agricultural College at Calgary, were dealt with. The former bill introduced by the government was carried despite vigorous and trenchant criticism by the opposition, but the latter was defeated.

The time of the last session was occupied with a bill to tax bachelors over twenty-five years of age. Although the Opposition demonstrated beyond doubt that the government was attempting most

unjust class legislation, yet by the unanimous support of the women members, and the most brutal over-riding of the rights of the Opposition the bill was forced through and henceforth bachelors must be taxed.

### FRESHMEN RECEPTION

The Freshmen stepped forward on April 12th with a neatly prepared reception. We were met at the head of the stairs with a novel method of forming circles or groups, and much expectancy was exhibited in finding out the species to which fortune favored us. Then as we sat in groups a test was put upon our vocabularies, resulting in a victory for the "yellow rooster". A short program followed, opened by an interesting address by Dr. Fairley, succinctly expressed. Miss M.



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V. Hicks gave two selections to eager listeners. R. P. Richards sang and Douglas Telfer pictured a "blowing" freshman. Lively dancing followed and refreshments ad lib.

X. Student: "What do you charge for your rooms?"

Landlady: "Five dollars up."

Student: "But I'm a student—"

Landlady: "Then it's five dollars down."—Cornell Widow.

\* \* \*

"Pa, what is a football coach?" coach?"

"The ambulance, I suppose."

—Pittsburg Observer.

\* \* \*

Dr. Kerr (In French Class): "Miss Robertson, can you roll your R's?"

Miss Robertson (sweetly): "No Dr. Kerr, but I can roll my I's."

'12 (In Library) hearing an awful row upstairs: "Goodness gracious! What on earth is that noise?"

'13: "Oh, that's nothing. It is only the science men eating their dinners."

\* \* \*

Photographer (to Father): "To have the picture more natural, your son should put his hand on your shoulder."

Father: "It would be much more natural if he put his hand in my pocket."

\* \* \*

A Few Conundrums.—What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?—Time the clock was mended. What month do girls talk the least?—February, because it is the shortest month. What is the keynote of good manners?—B natural.



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---

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"Is ab ille heres ago  
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Vates inem pes an dux"

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---

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